DC

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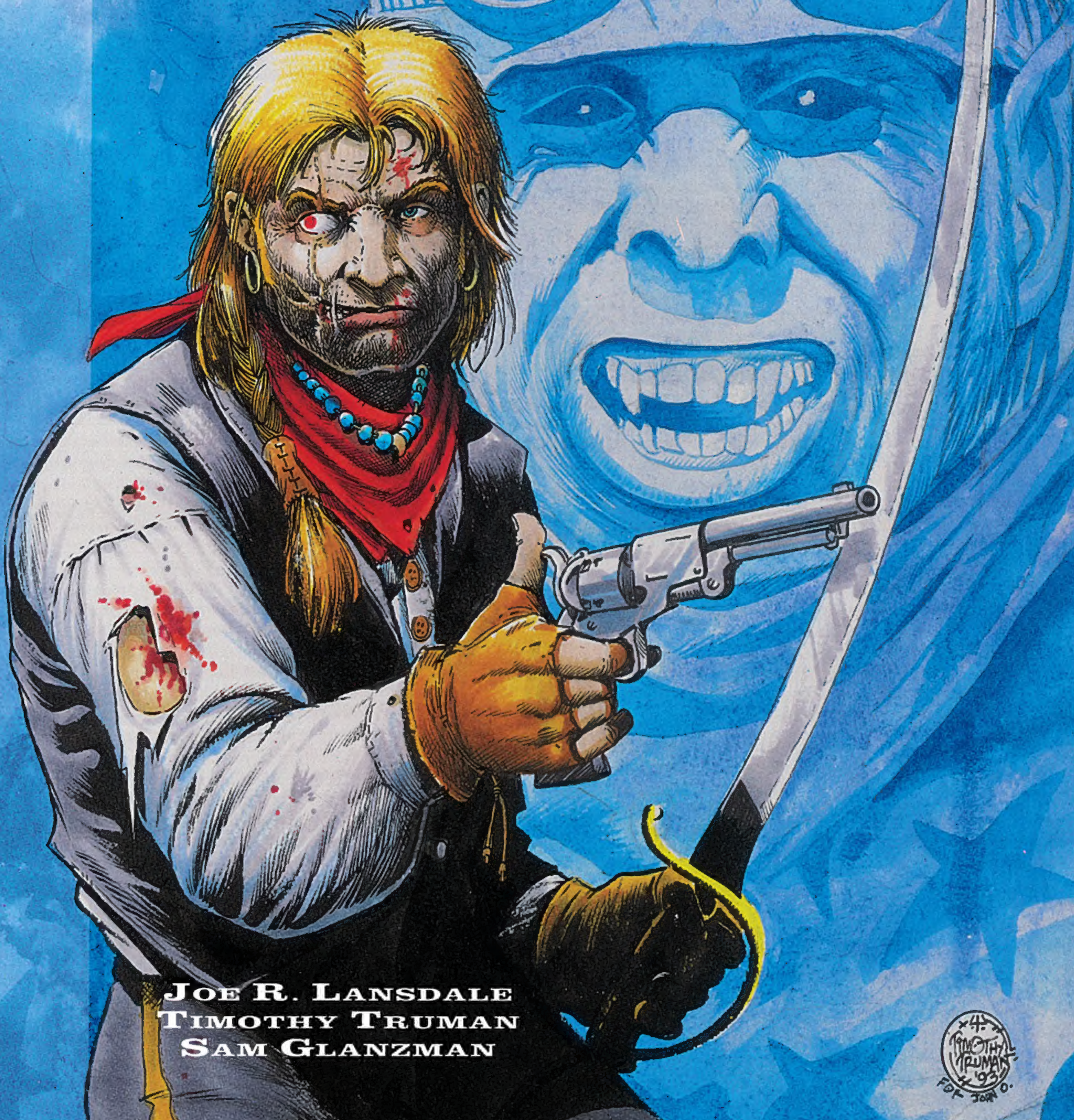
4 of 5

NOV 93

JONAH HEX®

TWO-GUN MOJO™



JOE R. LANSDALE

TIMOTHY TRUMAN

SAM GLANZMAN

'93 TRUMAN & G.LANZMAN

THIRTY MILES WEST OF NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS:

GUIDE TO VIVISECTION

ELIXIR VITAE

I entreat all you *dark elders* and such!

Come on down, you mean sumbitches! Give me some of your piss and vinegar! Stick your power in my *ELIXIR!*

SHABOOM

MAYBE I OUGHTA SLACKED ON THE SPIT.

REMOVE YOUR LARD ASS, RAMONA! IT'S TIME I MADE Y'ALL A COMPANION!

RECKON YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, HEX, BUT I'M GONNA TALK TO YOU ANYWAY.

MY PAPPY, WHO DIED OF A COLD IN THE PANTS, ALWAYS SAID I'D TALK TO A KNOT ON A LOG, DIDN'T HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TALK TO. AND HE WAS RIGHT.

LET ME DEMONSTRATE A LITTLE SOMETHING I LEARNED IN HAITI... OR MAYBE IT WAS GLADEWATER, TEXAS. I GET THE TWO CONFUSED 'CAUSE THEY'RE BOTH SO GODDAMN HOT AND STICKY.

DEAD FELLA FLESH, POWDER OF BLOWFISH BLADDER, MIXED WITH PULVERIZED MONKEY TESTICLES...OR MAYBE IT WAS A *DRIED CHICKEN'S HEAD* MIXED WITH MONKEY TESTICLES ...ESCAPES ME AND DON'T MATTER TILL I *RUN OUT*...

WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS, I TAKE IT, DO A LITTLE *SPELL* OVER IT, SET IT ON FIRE, MIX IT WITH *SOME* WATER...

...AND I'VE GOT ME SOME STUFF THAT, WHEN TAKEN BY MOUTH, WILL BURN THE OLD BRAIN AND MAKE THE ONE WHO DRINKS IT ABOUT AS WILLFUL AS A THANKS-GIVING TURKEY...

...ONLY A LITTLE LESS SMART.

YOU'LL BE SO GODDAMN DUMB, I'LL HAVE TO PUT COLORED MARBLES IN YOUR WATER SO YOU'LL KNOW TO TAKE A DRINK.

YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU, JUST LIKE THESE GOOBERS.

THERE NOW. WE'LL JUST LET YOU *FERMENT* A LITTLE, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE PICKLE.

I'D BEEN PLAYIN' POSSUM THE LAST FEW MINUTES, BIDING MY TIME.

AND IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH I'D HAD TO LISTEN TO THAT GOGGLE-EYED SUMBITCH TALK LIKE A JALAPEÑO-ASSED BIBLE SALESMAN, HE WAS TRYIN' TO *PICKLE* ME.

AND WORSE YET, I FIGURED HIM FOR A YANKEE.

I HAD TO GET THAT HORSE PISS OUT OF ME AFORE OLE DOC HAD ME DOIN' TRICKS ON A STOOL--

--OR SITTIN' IN THAT FAT LADY'S LAP WHILE SHE RAN A HAND UP MY CRACK AND WORKED MY MOUTH... MADE ME SING A GOSPEL TUNE OR TWO... RECITE SOME POETRY...

IT WASN'T A THING THAT APPEALED TO ME. I HATED POETRY AND A HAND UP MY ASS ONLY APPEALED TO ME IN A KINDA *MARGINAL* MANNER.

PUT *MR. PICKLE* IN A PLACE OF *HONOR!*

SPITE OF LOSING MOST OF THAT STUFF, I WAS FEELING A MITE POORLY.

#2 HECKS

'MORROW MORNIN' YOU'LL START TO WONDER WHO YOU ARE. 'MORROW AFTERNOON, YOU WON'T *CARE!* I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU TO HOLD YOUR PECKER WHEN YOU PEE... CHEW YOUR FOOD... GO TO SLEEP...

IN A LITTLE WHILE, YOU WON'T NEED *NONE* OF THOSE THINGS, CAUSE YOUR BODY'S GONNA *CHANGE*.

I'LL KEEP GIVING YOU *POWDERED DEAD FELLA* FLESH, MIXED WITH THEM *OTHER* INGREDIENTS. TIME'LL COME THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO SHOOT A HOLE THROUGH YOUR CHEST AND IT WON'T MATTER NONE TO YOU.

#2 HECKS

SHUT UP, YOU OLD WINDBAG! LET ME PICKLE IN PEACE!

THAT'S RIGHT. BE PERKY WHILE YOU CAN. CAUSE YOUR TIME IS *NEAR*, MISTER PICKLE.

VERY GODDAMN NEAR.

THAT NIGHT WAS LONG AND AS COLD AS A WELL DIGGER'S ASS.

I FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG ALL OVER AGAIN...

...AND WE LOST AGAIN.

FINALLY I SLEPT... AND FEARED WHEN I WOKE UP I'D BE A PICKLE.

HOW YA DOIN' IN THERE, MR. PICKLE? ABOUT FERMENTED?

NOPE. NOT YET, YOU FOUR-EYED PIECE OF SHIT. I STILL REMEMBER WHERE MY PECKER IS. AND I'M A MITE HUNGRY.

YOU KNOW WHO IT IS SHOT THAT *OLE FART* IN THE *STABLE*? PUT A *BULLET* 'CROSS YOUR *HEAD*?

WILD BILL HICKOK, THAT'S WHO!

#2 HECUB

THE MAN-KILLER HIS OWN SELF.

BUT HE WAS NO MATCH FOR *ME!*

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT...

COULDN'T WAIT.

"I'D JUST COME BACK FROM THE *HAITI*-- THIS WAS BEFORE I SPENT SOME TIME LATER IN NEW ORLEANS AND BOUGHT MY WAGON, AND VISITED WITH SOME VOODOO QUEENS LEARNING A FEW TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

SALOON

BANK

FEED

"ID COME TO DEADWOOD TO DO SOME PROSPECTIN', AND I'D HEARD THERE WAS *INDIANS* COULD CALL UP ***STORMS***, AND I WANTED TO FIND OUT ABOUT THAT FIRST HAND.

"I WAS ALWAYS FOND OF A WINDY DAY."

"FIRST PERSON I SEEN WAS *WILD BILL HICKOK.*

"I'D HAVE KNOWN HIM ANYWHERE, EVEN THOUGH ME AND HIM HAD NEVER MET. HELL, HE WAS A *CELEBRITY!* I DIDN'T REALIZE, THOUGH, THAT HE WAS JUST AN ASSHOLE NURSIN' A HANGOVER."

WHAT IN HELL ARE *YOU* SUPPOSED TO BE?

I'M A WIZARD!

A LIZARD.

I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A LIZARD WEAR A BLANKET.

A *WIZARD.*

WELL, I THINK YOU LOOK LIKE A FELLA OUGHTA HAVE HIS ASS KICKED FOR WEARIN' SOMETHIN' THAT STUPID.

I WANTED TO SEE CLOWNS THIS TIME A' DAY, I'D GO TO A CIRCUS.

I'M NOT A MAN TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

KICK HIS ASS, WILD BILL!

I FEEL LIKE TRIFLIN', I'LL TRIFLE.

DON'T LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN WHEN I GOT A HANGOVER. WAY YOU LOOK MAKES MY HEAD HURT.

THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, WILD BILL!

"RIGHT THEN AND THERE I SWORE VENGEANCE ON HICKOK. AND I'D HAVE DONE SOMETHIN' TO HIM, TOO--

"--BUT I WAS ROBBED OF THAT DELIGHT--"

"--BY A REP-SEEKING SCUM BAG NAME OF JACK McCALL."

TAKE THAT!

BLAM!

"PARTIALLY ROBBED, THAT IS. I HAD PLANS FOR THE BODY.

A BRAVE MAN, THE VICTIM OF AN ASSASSIN J.B. HICKOK (WILD BILL) AGED 39 YEARS: MURDERED BY JACK McCALL AUG. 2ND '79

"THAT NIGHT, I STOLE IT AND COVERED THE GRAVE.

BRAVE MAN, THE VICTIM OF AN ASSASSIN J.B. HICKOK (WILD BILL) AGED MURDERED McCALL AUG. '79

"BUT THOSE IDIOTS, IN THEIR HASTE TO KEEP THE BODY FROM ROTTING, HADN'T CHECKED HIM CLOSE ENOUGH.

"HICKOK WAS *ALIVE*--

"-- EVEN IF MOST OF HIS BRAINS WERE UNDER A CARD TABLE IN *MANN'S NUMBER TEN SALOON*, AND MORE WERE LEAKIN' OUT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD."

"THIS WAS BETTER'N I'D HOPED FOR.

"I HAD A FEW SPARE NOSES LYING ABOUT FROM SOME INDIAN GRAVES I'D ROBBED--

"--AND I'D GOT A BOOK CALLED THE *BOOK OF DOCHES* FROM AN OLD PREACHER IN WACO, TEXAS WHO'D LOST HIS HEAD ONE DAY AND PRAISED THE DEVIL AND RAPED A DOG AT HIGH NOON ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE COURTHOUSE.

"THEY HANGED HIM AND HIS CONGREGATION SOLD HIS GOODS TO HIRE THEM ANOTHER PREACHER FROM OUTTA TOWN WHO DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THEIR PAST REVEREND'S PECULIAR PROBLEMS.

"I BOUGHT THE BOOK AND IT WAS FULL OF DARK MAGIC. WENT ALONG WITH THINGS I'D LEARNED IN *HAITI*.

"I FIGURED I'D TRY ALL THE MAGIC I KNEW. TAKE A LITTLE HERE, TAKE A LITTLE THERE. HAITI AND VOODOO. *ZOMBIES!* DRAG IN THE OLD ONES THE BOOK OF DOCHES TALKED ABOUT. OVERDO THE NUMBER OF NOSES, EARS, WHAT HAVE YOU.

"I DIDN'T WANT TO BE NO *SLACKER* ABOUT THINGS."

"IT WAS MY FIRST SHOT AT THAT VOODOO ZOMBIE BUSINESS...

"...AND IT WORKED!

"IN TIME, I HAD HICKOK TRAINED JUST RIGHT.

"I KIND OF GREW FOND OF HIM.

DEATH DEALER

"I DECIDED TO MAKE MORE FRIENDS.

"I BOUGHT A WAGON AND TRAVELED AROUND, RECRUITING.

SALOON

BIG ASS RAMONA'S

GENTS WELCOME

WORLD'S TALLEST PAINTED MAN NO SHIT

STRING BEAN

"SOMETIMES I HAD TO REALLY USE THE POWER OF PERSUASION."

"BUT PRETTY SOON I HAD MY OWN LITTLE *SIDESHOW* TOGETHER. I STARTED MAKING RIGHT SMART MONEY. AND HICKOK, MOON BLIND OR NOT, COULD HIT ANYTHING HE SHOT AT. A *POSITIVE* SIDE EFFECT OF BEING ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD...

"...*THAT*, ALONG WITH EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH AND AGILITY.

"THOUGH A *RIPE AROMA* IS SOMETHIN' OF A PROBLEM."

COLOGNE
LILAC WATER

BUT DON'T WORRY, MR. PICKLE. I'LL KEEP *YOU* SMELLIN' SWEET.

EVEN THOUGH YOU WON'T KNOW THE ODOR OF *BULL MANURE* FROM A *DAISY*.

NIGHT'S COMIN'--GOT TO MAKE CAMP. RAMONA, START A FIRE. REST OF YOU BOYS TEND THE MARES. I GOTTA DRAIN MY LIZARD.

I WAS A MITE DIZZY FROM WHAT LITTLE OF THAT STUFF HAD STAYED IN ME, AND I WAS SO HUNGRY I COULD SEE CORNBREAD WALKIN' ON THE GROUND.

I DIDN'T WANT ANOTHER DOSE OF THE DOC'S SPECIAL MEDICINE *OR* HIS MOUTH, AND I WAS FEELING A LITTLE ON THE ORNERY SIDE.

FIGURED WHILE I HAD SOME STRENGTH--

--I OUGHT TO MAKE MY MOVE.

SMASH!

COURSE, I'D HOPED THINGS WOULD GO A MITE SMOOTHER.

THEN AGAIN, RECKON I ALWAYS *DO*, AND THEY ALWAYS *DON'T*.

SPLASH!

FIGURES.

SSSSSS

IF THE 'PACHES I'D LIVED WITH KNEW WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO DO...

...BITE INTO WHAT THEY CONSIDERED, ALONG WITH A FISH, ONE OF THE FOULEST CREATURES ON EARTH...

...THEY'D HAVE DISOWNED ME.

CRUNCH!

BUT SOMETIMES A MAN'S GOT TO DO WHAT A MAN'S GOT TO DO, 'FORE A SNAKE DOES WHAT A SNAKE'S GOT TO DO, AND NO HARD FEELIN'S ON ANYBODY'S PART. WELL, MAYBE THE SNAKE WAS A LITTLE PISSED.

DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I RODE THAT LOG--

--BUT BY THE TIME IT WAS WASHED UP ON THE BANK, I WAS AS TIRED AS A TWO-BIT WHORE WITH FRENCH LESSONS. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE BOY WAS THERE TILL HE CALLED OUT.

PA! PA!

AND EVEN THEN, I DIDN'T HAVE THE SAP IN ME TO DO MORE THAN TURN MY HEAD.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FELLA. ME AND JUNIOR'LL GIVE YOU A HAND.

NAME'S JEFF McGUIRE. BOY'S NAME IS BILLY.

LUCKY ME AND THE BOY WAS FETCHIN' WATER. LAID THERE MUCH LONGER, MOCCASINS WOULD START TO CRAWL. THEY GET THICK THIS TIME A'DAY.

HOW'D YOU GET THAT CUT ON YOUR MOUTH, MISTER?

DAMN CHIGGER BITE.

THEY TOOK ME IN LIKE I WAS FAMILY.

THEY WAS NICE FOLKS...

...THOUGH THEY DID A LOT OF PRAYIN' 'FORE THEY ATE ANYTHING.

I STAYED ON A COUPLE DAYS TILL I GOT MY STRENGTH BUILT UP.

THEN THEY LOANED ME A HORSE.

FIGURED YOU MIGHT NEED THESE.

THANKS.

I APPRECIATE YOUR HOSPITALITY.

AND JUST IN CASE I DON'T GET BACK THIS WAY WITH YOUR HORSE OR YOUR GUNS--

--I WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS.

IT'S OKAY. THEY'RE SPENDABLE YANKEE DOLLARS.

THANKS... MR. **HEX.**

SLY DOG. YOU KNEW ALL THE TIME.

I EVEN KNOW YOU'RE ON A *WANTED POSTER*... I DON'T BELIEVE IT A MINUTE. YOU AIN'T DONE NOTHING YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* TO.

I WAS AT GETTYSBURG TOO, MR. HEX. I WAS A PRIVATE. I SEEN HOW YOU DID, AND YOU DAMN SURE AIN'T NO BACKSHOOTIN' COWARD LIKE THAT *POSTER* SAYS.

THAT WAS A BAD DAY FOR EVERYONE.

WATCH YOUR BACK!

SO LONG, MR. HEX.

RECKON WHERE HE'LL GO, PA?

NO, SON. BUT WHEN HE GETS THERE, GONNA BE A BAD DAY FOR *SOMEONE*...

A MEDICINE SHOW WITH A DWARF, A FAT LADY, A TALL MAN AND A SHOOTIST WASN'T HARD TO TRAIL.

LUBBOCK

THEY LEFT CALLING CARDS ALL OVER THE PLACE.

REMINGTON

DOC "CROSS" WILLIAMS' WAGON of MIRACLES
PH.D., M.D., D.D., ROS. O.J.S.
COMING SOON

COURSE, AS THEY GOT OUT WEST, TOWNS GOT FARTHER APART.

BUT THEY'D BEEN THERE.

AND SO HAD MY WANTED POSTER.

BEER 5¢ WHISKEY (SHOT) 10¢

WANTED
JONAH

BUT THE THING I COULDN'T FIGURE WAS HOW THEY KNEW THAT POSTER WAS A PICTURE OF ME.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

WASN'T NEAR AS PRETTY AS THE REAL THING.

WANTED
JONAH

I FINALLY RUN OUT OF TEXAS, WHICH TOOK A WHILE.

I ALMOST RUN OUT OF NEW MEXICO, WHICH WAS FINE BY ME.

BUT I *DIDN'T* RUN OUT OF TROUBLE.

I COME UPON SOME 'PACHES ON AN OUTIN'. THEY WAS CHIRICAHUA. NEVER DID HAVE NO TRUCK WITH THEM. I WAS BLOOD BROTHER TO THE MESCALARA MYSELF...

...AND IT WAS MY POSITION THAT THE CHIRICAHUAS DIDN'T KNOW DOG DICK ABOUT TORTURIN' PROPERLY. THEY DID MESSY WORK.

AND SINCE THEY WAS FRESH OUT OF PIMAS AND SUCH, THEY WERE WORKIN' ON EASIER GAME, SOLDIERS.

OUT HERE, THAT WAS KINDA LIKE BEATIN' A NEW-BORN PUP TO DEATH WITH A STICK OF STOVE WOOD. WASN'T NO CHALLENGE AT ALL.

BLAM!

THEM CHIRICAHUAS HATE IT WHEN YOU SHORTEN THEIR FUN.

BLAM BLAM!

AND SINCE THERE WAS A LOT OF THEM AND THEY CAN BE MEAN-SPIRITED, I DECIDED TO MOVE ON.

PDW!

BLAM!

BUT MY HORSE WAS TIRED AND--

VIP

VIP

VIP

POW

POW

--THE APACHES WERE GAINING.

POW

POW

ONE DROPPED IN FOR A VISIT.

BUT I WASN'T FEELING HOSPITABLE. I ASKED HIM TO LEAVE.

BLAM!

©TPWMAN 'N'GLANZMAN -'93

POW
POW
POW

LOOKED LIKE I WOULDN'T BE RETURNIN' THAT BORROWED MARE TO FARMER McGUIRE LIKE I'D PROMISED.

VIP
VIP
VIP

I SAW A WAY OUT--

BLAM

POW!

BAM BLAM

BAM BAM

VIP

VIP

BLAM!

--AND TOOK IT.

BUT IT WAS *OFF THE FORK* AND 'TWEEN THE *TEETH* AGAIN.

I'D RUN RIGHT SMACK DAB INTA THEM CHIRICAHUA'S *COUSINS.*

THEY WAS PROUD TO SEE ME.

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP

BLAM

BAM!

THEY GAVE ME A RIGHT SMART WELCOME--

--AND IN A PRETTY SHORT TIME--

TRUMAN & GIANZNAD '93

--PUT ME IN TOUCH--

-WITH SOME OLD FRIENDS.

BUT IT LOOKED AS IF WE WAS GONNA BE A SMIDGEN TOO BUSY--

--TO CHAT UP OLD TIMES.

NEXT: SHOWDOWN!